

The Height of Clouds.

THUNDERSTORM clouds are variable in height—from 500 to 2,000 feet. The clouds in thunderstorms may be very deep—from two to five miles and more; hence the appearance as to distance is very deceptive. Cumulus clouds generally occupy a position from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above the earth.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Helen Buys a New Waist and Receives from Warren Some Pertinent Advice.

Copyright, 1917, International News Service.

I was decidedly the prettiest of the girls in the class, but it was rather expensive. Nevertheless she eyed it longingly, and the saleswoman said beguilingly:

"It's really a bargain for that amount, madam. It has been reduced from nine dollars to five."

"Oh, it is a beauty," Helen agreed, "but I ought not to pay eight dollars for a waist. I had hoped to get something for about five or six."

"But this is so dainty," there is nothing on the other tables nearly as effective," the saleswoman returned.

"I know that," agreed Helen; "Well, I guess I'll have to take it," and as the saleswoman took out her inevitable book and pencil Helen fingered once more the soft crepe folds of shell pink with their turquoise blue bands. It was really the most charming combination.

It wasn't until Helen reached home that she noticed the little tag attached to it that absolved the owners of the store from any obligation after the waist was laundered. That made Helen consider again. The waist was so expensive that she hated to think that she must spend the money to have it dry-cleaned every time she wore it. And it was so delicate that it would soil very easily. She had thought, of course, she could wash it, but with such an injunction against it, she really doubted whether it could be done or not. Something else claimed her attention at the time, however, and the waist was temporarily forgotten.

Helen laid it away in her shirt-waist box among her sashes and the week-end went by. Once she thought of the waist just before she dropped off to sleep Saturday night, and she mentally decided to take it back Monday morning, but Sunday dawned this impulse, and Monday brought so many new things to do in its wake that she forgot all about it. And so she put the matter off day after day, until a week had slipped by.

The matter was finally brought to her attention again by Bunty Brown, who ran in to call one afternoon. Bunty was filled to the brim with the new car Bill had bought, and Helen felt a twinge of envy and regret that Warren had disposed of theirs. The next moment she forgot all about it, however, in a more interesting remark.

"I've just had the most horrible experience with a shirtwaist," Bunty was saying. "It had two colors and they all ran together the first day it was washed. I nearly cried, because I paid \$7 for it."

"I just bought one for \$8, and I've kept it a week trying to decide whether to take it back or

not. I hate to think of having it dry-cleaned every time."

"That's what I thought, and I washed it so carefully, but it's ruined, and it serves me right. Next time I'll stick to all one color or plain white."

Helen got into her street clothes as soon as Bunty had left and decided to take the waist back immediately. She could hardly wait to get into Croft & Ordway's, and she hurried instantly to the same saleswoman who had waited on her.

"How did you like your waist?" the woman asked smilingly.

"Oh, I'm bringing it back," Helen said quickly. "I didn't mean to keep it so long, but I've been busy. I want to have it credited and I'll take something of one color not so expensive."

The woman looked dubious. "I'm afraid it won't be possible to credit it," she explained. "You see the store has adopted that new principle since the war, no goods exchanged or credited after a week's time has elapsed."

"But surely they will take it back," Helen persisted. "Why, it hasn't been taken out of its original wrappings."

"I'm afraid that won't make any difference, it's a rule, you know," and Helen discovered that, argue as she would, the waist could not be exchanged.

It seemed on the way home that just because she wanted to exchange it, that nothing else would do. She forgot the beauty of the waist, and remembered only its perishable qualities. Why had she ever been so foolish?

Warren was home when Helen reached there and exclaimed at her disappointed face. Helen laughed a little, and finally confessed.

"Of course I was foolish in the beginning, Warren, but it's a change, and I didn't think I'd have a bit of trouble exchanging it any time."

"Did you ever stop to think how much tin and energy is wasted on people like you," Warren said earnestly. "Every department store has had to keep up a regular office force just to attend to the woman who don't think before buying things. This is war time you know, and service cannot be wasted. If it will teach you a lesson, I shan't mind paying for the waist to be dry-cleaned. After all, it is a beauty, isn't it?"

"It is," Helen assented, "and I do see things more clearly. I'll really remember and try not to buy foolishly. And Helen thought happily of Warren's last statement of facts, and how much more she profited by his advice when it was given in this manner.

(Watch for the next installment of this most interesting series.)

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)

THEY looked at one another for a moment then, in a calm voice, Fulbert said:

"Oxus, is your decision final?"

"Yes, Fulbert."

There was another pause. They took one another's hands, and deep emotion showed itself in their rugged faces.

"Very well, go," Fulbert said at length. "She is your daughter and I understand. For your sake I will forgive her for having been the chief cause of our defeat."

"The unknown cause, Fulbert, protected Oxus."

"The child's unconsciousness has been more dangerous than all Severac's plotting, and Severac was punished by death," said the priest. Raising his voice, he went on:

"Oxus, woman should only be man's instrument. When she is anything else she is the woman devouring the keyhole of the edifice. All crumblers then, Martha, the instrument, gave us Hictaner. Moissette, because we neglected to use her from the first, caused the loss of Hictaner. Let this be a lesson for the future, Oxus."

"It will be a lesson, brother," and Fulbert murmured:

"Go, Oxus. You will know where to find me. I shall wait a month for you. If you do not appear then, I will take the electric mirror, our remaining weapon, and until his force is exhausted, I will go and strike down one after another the men who have touched us. But you will come, for when the edifice crumbles, the strong must build another. Go, Oxus. Go to make Moissette's happiness."

Oxus left the laboratory and went to Moissette's secret prison. Pale and emaciated, almost unrecognizable, she was which was spiritlike, the young girl received her father with a melancholy smile of affection.

"Moissette," said Oxus in a trembling voice, "the hour of your happiness has come."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Magazine Page Will Be a Feature of Tomorrow's Sunday Times



Magazine Page



"Sister Susie"



SHE stuffs cotton in her pink ears while she knits a gray sweater for a Sammy in far-off France, for the icy days in bleak "No Man's Land" winter time. The

warm air closes around like a sea, while friends and birds and butterflies and the game and the sea call! But Miss Ulysses keeps eyes down and thinks hard of a

chap she knows who'll turn up the deep wool collar around purple ears and bless her while he does it, and sticks it out!—NELL BRINKLEY.

THE FATAL RING

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 10.

(Copyright, 1917, by Fred Jackson. All rights reserved.)

HICTANER's advent had been so sudden, so unexpected, that for an instant Tom was dazed—incapable of defending himself. He went down under their fierce onslaught.

He was up again in an instant, proving himself more than a match for the Arabs, strong and agile and wiry as they were, for their skill lay in dodging blows, not in stopping them, and Tom managed to land now and then. An uppercut on the point of the chin disposed of one of his tormentors and he was free to turn his attention to the other.

A Fight to the Death.

But the second had discovered the folly of getting within reach of Tom's fists, and he tried to keep his distance. Tom was forced to rush him, therefore, drove him off a yard or two, then turned and made for the cabin.

The Arab drew a gun and fired just as Tom reached the doorway, and his bullet bit into Tom's shoulder, but Tom managed to stagger into the cabin and bolt the door behind him.

He dragged himself to the wall, got a gun, loaded it and reached the window. An Arab was sneaking cautiously toward the same window from the outside of the cabin and Tom picked him off.

But now, the High Priestess and the other Arabs came up and the word was passed to surround the house.

Two Arabs brought up a ladder and with it mounted to the upper story. Obtaining entrance there without difficulty, they cautiously descended the stairs.

An Arab appeared at the window behind Tom and smashed the glass, and as he turned to level his gun, another Arab leaped into the room at the other side. Then he made a noise and as Tom turned, the first Arab entered. By this time, the

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

Arabs who had entered above, had reached the lower floor and one of them now leaped upon Tom.

The other Arabs swiftly followed suit. He was held fast and strongly bound. Then while two Arabs knelt a pile of the furniture and bedding

Anecdotes of the Famous

Dr. Addison, English Minister of Reconstruction, is credited with being one of the most tactful of public speakers.

Even when heckled he has the happiest knack of skillfully parrying an inconvenient question.

At one of his meetings, for instance, he was asked by a lady in the audience whether he was in favor of the repeal of the blasphemy laws.

"Madam, I'm agnostic," was Dr. Addison's diplomatic reply.

On another occasion a Boston Socialist, one of his constituents, inquired as to whether he thought that millionaires should be allowed to exist.

Instead of answering the question direct, Addison musily remarked: "Well, I'm sure I don't know. Rockefeller and the rest all say that."

Compensation.

By Jane McLean.

SHE came in grumbling of the dismal rain. But I, who heard at dawn its rhythmic beat, Its small, cool fingers searching out my window pane, Saw but the beauty of the wind-swept street. I saw the mountains rimmed in leaden gray, The sudden withering of the apple trees; The drenched brown leaves the wind had blown astray, Only as one who, searching, really sees.

I call my window frame a magic gift, And love the rain until the shadows lift.

A Story of Romance, Love and Mystery

"You are just in time," she cried.

"From the hill, yonder, I have just seen the Standish girl coming with aid. I did not make out her companions, but I advise instant flight."

"It shall be as you advise," assented one of the Arabs.

They hurried to the automobile which was waiting, hidden in a clump of trees near by. But as they reached it, Pearl and the "Spider" drove up.

Seeing only one man with Pearl, and that one a very small and twisted man, the Arabs hesitated and watched. They saw Pearl and the "Spider" rush into the cabin to extinguish the fire—for already smoke was pouring out of the lower windows.

And then a diabolical plot was hatched.

"There are explosives in the house," cried one of the Arabs suddenly. "I saw them."

"If they should become ignited before she escapes she will be swept from our path once and for all time!" said another.

"Go! Prevent her escape!" ordered the High Priestess.

The Arabs sped to do her bidding joyously. Two crept up and made fast the front door. Two made fast the windows. One mounted to the roof to bar the exit there. Then all together crept back to the car, from which safe distance they awaited the destruction of the cabin.

By this time Pearl and the "Spider" had discovered what was afoot, however, and they were trying one window after another in search of an exit.

The lower floor was impossible because of the smoke. They mounted the stairs and found one opening that had been overlooked. But as they were about to climb through into the fresh air the explosion occurred.

With the terrific crash, the walls of the cabin flew outward, the roof caved in and the whole dwelling crumpled up as though it had been a house of cards.

Tom Carleton uttered a cry of terror and closed his eyes. The Arabs smiled contentedly as they gazed upon the burning ruin that once had been a house; then they entered the car and drove off.

To Be Continued Monday.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Be Friendly.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty, and five years ago became acquainted with a young man whom I dearly love. He is also about my age and at present attending a college.

I am positive that during all that time he loved me very much, but being so young and not in a position found it impossible to tell me so.

In spite of my love for him I have always acted as though I cared nothing about him, because I felt I had no right to encourage one so young, and I did not care to go out with him much and have him spend money on me.

Now I am convinced more than ever that I cannot get along without him and feel that if I do not tell him of my love for him I may lose him, as he is under the impression that I do not care.

R. G.

FOR you to be friendly and courteous is, of course, the thing to do, but don't let emotion drive you to foolish courses. Maybe you are making up the whole situation out of your own mind. Take a friendship for granted, but not a love affair. There was never any reason why you need have acted rude or why you need to have acted with a lack of amiability.

Each Must Decide.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-one, and have been going about for two years with a man dear to me. I made this question for I cannot find an answer. Can you?

P. C. S.

THIS, my dear girl, is the type of question which each of us must answer for herself. If it were I, I feel fairly sure that if the man I loved were ready to sacrifice himself for his country, I should love him no less if he came back maimed, and should feel that I was only doing my bit to prove my own loyalty and fitness of feeling when I mixed him with all joy and sincerity, that it was he I loved, his character and his personality, and that physical chance could not affect the depth of my feeling.

To Be Continued Monday.

The Oriental Ruby.

THE Oriental ruby consists of nearly pure alumina—i. e., oxide of aluminum—in a crystalline form, containing but one per cent of oxide of iron and one-half per cent of any other substance. The melting point is about 1,300 degrees Fahrenheit.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

M A bought two (2) new suits for me yesterday & she said I look fine in them, she said they made me look like a regular little man.

That is the stuff, Bobbie, said Pa when he came home & saw the suits. Doll up for the dear sex, said Pa. You are a chip of the old block, Pa said. When I was your age I was the best dressed boy in our block. Pa said. The Cross the Creek Gang was all jellus of me, said Pa, but any time they started anything I was there to show them that a well dressed boy can fix better than a ragged boy, Pa said.

Yure mother often told me about that horrid Cross the Creek Gang, said Ma. She said you wud have a nice complexion wen you was a littel boy if it hadnt been part black & blue all the time.

Mother has poor memories, said Pa. They have so many things to lock after that they dont remember all the battels thare sons win. However, said Pa, letting that pass & re-vevting to the subject of good dress, I am glad to see Bobbie all rigged out in them glad regl-mentals. He is the distinguished son of a distinguished dad, said Pa.

I sent that a deer dittel coat, said Ma. I told Bobbie he must wear it wen he speaks his peace next Friday.

I kind of envy Bobbie about speaking peeces, said Pa. It has been years since any peeces I spoke has been lisped to, Pa said. What are you going to speak, Bobbie, said Pa. You ought to make yure bow & say:

Here I am.
Bowling low.
Dressed to kill
& nowars to go!

Bobbie will speak what the teacher wants him to speak, said Ma. He is thinking of speaking The Arab's Farewell to His Stead. Wen that is a grand old peeces, said Pa. I used to speak it myself, said Pa. It always made a grate hit wen I spoke it, said Pa. The children always clapped wen I got thru.

I do not dot it, said Ma. Speaking peeces is grand for children. They are growing up in vary unsettled times now, said Ma, & befoor-long this time will cum wen nobody will git anything in this world if he doesnt speak up for it, so I am glad littel Bobbie is gitting this practis, said Ma.

Speaking peeces is good for the memory, said Pa. Wen a kid lerna a long poem to speak in skool he has made his memory jest that much stronger. My father told me I could never lern Horshus at the Bridge, said Pa, but I fooled him. I lerned it in two days, said Pa. I cud recite it even to this day, said Pa.

Lars Porsey of Clunium

By them nine gods he avoar That the grate house of Tarquin Shud suffer rong no moar. By them nine gods he avoar it & sent an A. D. T. Now who will stand on "ether hand & keep that bridge with me!"

Fine, said Ma, you have a wonderful memory about sum things.

I am wonderful in many respects, said Pa, but it is only now & then that my littel wife talks notis, said Pa. Deant buy Bobbie any moar uniforms, said Pa. It looks like a long, hard Winter.

I am going to ware one of my new suits to skool but I wish I didnt have to beakus a kid gits kidded by the kids.

Long Flights by Birds.

A thrush was caught at Southport recently with a ring on its leg marked, "Inform Witherby, High Holborn, London." Mr. "H. Witherby, who is the editor of "British Birds," has, since 1916, had 75,000 birds so marked in the hope of learning something about their travels. A swallow ringed in Lancashire was found seven months later at Grahamstown, South Africa, 4,000 miles away. A "lessor black-backed gull," ringed at the Farn Islands, off Northumberland, was found eight months later at St. Louis, Senegal, and a blackbird, ringed London, was found in Moscow a few weeks afterwards. It would seem that birds are greater travelers than most of us imagine.

35,000,000 Documents in One Room.

One of the most marvellous organizations in the world is found in the new buildings at Kew of the Ministry of Labor. Here the whole work of unemployment insurance, formerly administered from various towns throughout the United Kingdom, is directed. In one room alone 35,000,000 documents relating to workmen's insurance are housed, and even in this labyrinth it is possible to trace the name and full particulars of any claim in two or three minutes. The efficient working of an intricate and complicated system is carried out almost entirely by a staff of women numbering over 500.